

Thēterlude of youth.



Iesu that his armes dyd speede
 And on a tree was done to deade
 From all perils he you defende
 I desyre audience epl I haue made an ende
 For am come from God above
 To occuppe his lawes to your behoue
 And am named Charitie
 There maye no man saued be
 wythout the helpe of me
 For he that Charitie doth refuse
 Other vertues thought he do use

without charitie it wyl not be
for it is wrytten in the saythe
Qui manet in charitate in deo morietur
I am the gate I tell the
Of heauen that ioyful cite
Ther maye no man thider come
But of charyty he must haue some
Oye may not come iwis
vnto heauen the cite of blysse
Therfore charitie who wil hym take
A pure soule it wyl him make
Before the face of God
In the .A. B. C. of bokes the leaſt
yt is wrytten deus charitas est
Lo charytye is a great thinge
Of all vertues it is the hyng
Whan God in earth was here liuinge
Of charyty he found none endinge
I was planted in his hart
nre two might not departe
Out of hys harte I dyd sprynge
Throughe the myght of the heauen hynge
And all prestes that be
Maye singe no masse without charitie
And chary to them they do not take
Thei may not receyue him that did them make
And all thyng worlde of noughte
yowthe. ¶ A backe felowes and gyue me rounne
O I shall make you to auoyde sone
I am goadle of persone
I am pereles where euer I come
My name is youth I tell the
I florysh as the vine tre
who may be likeneth vnto me

In my youthe and Iolytpe
 My hearte is royall and bushed thicke
 My body plyaunt as a hasel styck
 Mine armes be bothe sayle and strong
 My fingers be both faire and longe
 My chest bigge as a tunne
 My legges be full lighte for to runne
 To hoppe and daunce and make mery
 By the masse I reche not a chery
 What so euer I do
 I am the heyre of my fathers lande
 And it is come into my hande
 I care for nymore
 Are you so disposed to doo
 To solowe byce and let bertue go
 Ye saye euen so
 For nowe a dayes he is not set by
 Withouth he be bnythryfte
 You had nede to aske God mercye
 Why do you so prase your body
 Why knaue what is that to the
 Wylt thou let me to prayse my body
 Why shuld I not praise it & it be goodli
 I wil not let for the
 What shal it be whan thou shalt flyt
 For the wealth into the pyt
 Therfore of it be not to boolde
 Least thou so thinke it whan thou art olde
 Ye maye be lykened to a tre
 In youth flozzyng with royalte
 And in age it is cut downe
 And to the fyre is throwne
 So shalt thou but thou amende
 Be burned in hel without ende

charite.

youth.

charite.

youth.

charite.

Be ware leaue thou rypper go
Hence carytse go thy way
Or with my dagger I shal the slay
Hens knaue out of this place
Or I shall lay the on the face
Sayest thou that I shal go to hel
For euer more there to dwel
I had leuer thou had euyl fare
Al yet sy: do by my rede
And aske mercy for thy mysdoede
And þ: shalt be an herptoure of blysse
Where al ioye and mythe is
Where thou shal se a glorys syght
Of aūgeles singyng w: saintes bright
Before the face of God

Charite

youthe.

What sy: abowe the thy
I hah nede of a ladder to climbe so hie
But what and the ladder slyppe
Than I am deceyued yet
And if I fal I catche a quecke
I may fortune to breke my necke
And that ioynte is yll to set
Nay nay not so

Charite

youthe.

O yet remember cal to thy minde
The mercy of God passeth al thyng
For it is wyten by noble clerkes
The mercye of God passeth all werkes
That witnesseth holy scrypture saynge thus
Misericordia domini super omnia opera eius
Therfore doute not goodes grace
Ther of is plenty in euery place
What me thynke ye be clerkys
For ye speake good gibbysh
Sy: I pray you and you haue any floze

Soyle me a questyon or ye cast out any more
Least whan your connyng is all done
My question haue no solucyon
Syr and it please you thys
why do men eate mustred with falsithe
Sir I praye you soyle me thys question
That I haue put to your discrecyon
¶ This question is but banitie
yt longeth not to me
Suche questions to assoyle
¶ Sir by god that me dere bought
We your connyng is littell or nought
And I wuld folowe your scole
Sone ye wold make a sole
Therfore crake no longer here
Least I take you on the rare
And make your head to ake
¶ Sir it falleth not for me to fight
Nether by day ne be night
Therfore do my counsaile I saye
Chan to heuen thou shalt haue thy way
¶ No syr I thynke ye wyll not fighte
But to take a mannes purs in the night
ye wyll not say nay
For suche holy caitifes
were wonte to be theues
And such wolde be hanged as hye
As a man may se with his eye
In faith this same is true
¶ God saue euery christen body
From such euell destenye
And sende vs of his grace
In heuen to haue a place
¶ Nay nay I warrant the

charite.

youth.

charite.

youth.

charite.

youth.

He hath no place for the
wrest thou he wyl haue suche foolcs
To syt on his gate foolcs
Naye I warrant the naye

humi- **C**well sir I put me in goddes wyl
itye. whether he wyl me saue or spyl
And sir I pray you do so
And truste in god what so euer ye do

youthe. **S**y: I praye the olde thy peace
And talke to me of no goodnes
And soone soke thou go thy waye
Leste with my dagger I the slaye
In saythe yf thou mene my harte
Thou shalte be wearye of thy parte
Or thou and I haue done

harite. **T**hynke what God suffered for the
His armes to be spred bp on a tree
A knight with a speare opened his side
In his harte appeared a wounde wyde
That bought both you and me

youthe. **G**oddes faste what is that to me
Thou dar we wylte thou rede me
In my youth to lose my ioylytie
Hence knaue and go thy waye
Or wyth my dagger I shall the slaye

harite. **O** sy: heare what I you tell
And be ruled after my counsell
That ye might syt in heuen hre
with God and his company

youthe. **A** yet of God thou wilt not cease
Tyll I fyght in good earnestte
On my sayth I tell the true
yf I fyght I tell the true
All the dayes of thy lyfe

I See I le well none other wile be
I wyll go to my brother Humilitie
And take good counsaile of hym
So we it is best to be do theryn

charite

ye mary sire I pray you of that
He thinke it were a good sight of your backe
I wolde se your heles hither
And your brother and you together
Fetted fine fast

poushe

I wys and I had the kay
ye shulde singe wel away

O I let you lose

I fare well my mapsters everychone

charite

I wyll come agayne anone

And tel you howe I haue done

poushe

And thou come hither agayne

I shall sende the hens in þe diuels name

what nowe, I maye haue my space

To let here in thys place

Before I myght not here

whan the churle charitie was here

But nowe amonge al thys chere

I wold I had some company here

I wis my brother Riot wold helpe me

for to beate charitye

And his brother to

Riot

Hussa, hussa who calleth after me

I am Riot ful iolyte

My heart as light as the wynde

and a Hon Riot is my mynde

where so ever I go

But wote ye what I do here

To seke yowth my compere

fame of hym I wolde haue a sight

But my lippes hange in my lyght
God spede master yowth by my faie
yowthe. Welcom Ryot in the deuels waye
who brought the hither to

Ryot. That dyd my legges I tell the
We thought thou dyd me call
And I am come now here
To make rofall there

yowthe. And tell the how I haue done
what I wende thou hadst ben hanged

But I se thou arte escaped
For it was tolde me heere
you toke a man on the eare
That his purse in your bosome did fflye
And so in newegate ye dyd lye

Ryot. So it was I beswewe your parte
I come lately from Newgate
But I am as readye to make good there
As he that neuer came there
For and I haue spendyng
I wyll make as mery as a kynge
And care not what I do
For I wyll not lye longe in prison
But wyll get forthe soone
For I haue learned a pollycie
That wyll lose me lyghtlye
And sone let me go

yowthe. I loue well thy discretyon
For thou arte all of one condicion
Thou arte stable and stedfast of mynde
And not chaungable as the wynde
But sir I praye you at the leaste
Tell me more of that ieste
That thou tolde me ryght nowe

Moreouer I shall tell the Ryot.
The mayre of London sent for me
Forth of Newgate for to come
For to preche at Tyborne.
By our Lady hedges fote the youthe.
To make the preche at the galowe tre
But sye how diddest thou scape
Where sye the rope brake Ryot.
And so I fell to the ground
And ran away safe and sound
Be thy way I met with a courtiers lad
And twenty nobles of gold in hys purs he had
I toke the ladde on the eare
Beside his horse I felled him there
I toke his purs in my hande
And twenty nobles therein I fande
Loorde howe I was mery:
Goddess fote thou diddest ynoughe there youthe.
For to be made knight of the colere.
Yes sye I truste to God all myght Ryot.
At the nexte sessions to be dubbed a knight
Now sye by thys lyght youthe.
That wolde I sayne se
And I plyght the so God me saue
That a surer colere thou shalt haue
And because gold colers be so good chepe
Unto the roper I shal speke
To make the one of a good pryce
And that shalbe of warrantye.
Youth I pray the haue a doo Ryot.
And to the tauerne let vs go
And we will drynke diuers wine
And the cost shal be myne
Thou shalt not pay one peny iwis

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yet thou shalt haue a wenche to kysse
whan so euer thou wilt
pouthe. Mary Ryot I thanke the

That thou wilt be stowe it on me
And for thy pleasure so be it
I wold not charity shuld bs mete
And turne bs agayne
for right now he was with me
And said he wolde go to Humilitie
And come to me agayne

Ryot. Let him come if he will
He were better to bide styll
And he gyue the croked langage
I wyll lape him on the bisage
And that thou shalt se sone
How lightly it shall be done
And he wyl not be ruled with knockes
we shall set him in the stockes
To heale his sore shinnes

pouthe. I shall helpe the if I can
To dryue away that hang man
Herke Ryot thou shalt vnderstande
I am heyre of my fathers land
And now they be come to my hand
We thynke it were best therfore
That I had one man more
To wayte me by on

Ryot. I can spede the of a seruaunte of pryce
That wil do the good seruice
I se him go here be side
Some men call him mayster pryde
I sweare by God in Trinitie
I wyll go fetch him vnto the
And that euen anon

Hye the apace and come a gayne
 and bynge with the that noble swayne
 O master youth here he is
 A pretie man and wise
 He wyl be glad to do good you seruyce
 In al that euer he may
 Welcome to me good fellowe
 I pray the whence comest thou
 And thou wylt my seruauant be
 I shall geue the golde and fee
 Syr I am content twis
 To do you any seruig
 That euer I can do
 By likelyhod thou shulde do well ynowe
 Thou art a lyhely felowe
 Yes syr I warrant you
 yf ye will be rulde by me
 I shall you bynge to hye degre
 What shall I do tell me
 And I wyl be ruled by the
 Marp I shall tell you
 Considre ye haue good ynowe
 And thing ye come of noble kinde
 Aboue all men eralte thy minde
 Put downe the poore and se nought bi them
 Be in company with gentel man
 Lette bp and do wne in the waye
 And your clothes loke they be gaye
 The pretie wenches wyl saye than
 yorder goeth a gentelmen
 And euery poze felowe that goeth you by
 will do of his cap and make you curteisie
 In faith this is true
 Sir I thanke the by the roode

youth

Ryot.

youth.

Pride.

youth.

Pride.

youth.

Pride.

youth.

For thy counsell that is so good
And I commit me euen now
Vnder the techynge of Hyat and you

Ryot. O youth I tolde you
That he was a lustye felo we
pouthe. Mary sy: I thanke the
That you wolde brynge hym vnto me

Dyde. Sy: it were expedyente that ye had a wife
To liue with her all yourre life

Ryot. A wyfe nay nay for God auo we
He shall haue flethe inoughe
For by God that me dere bought
ouer muche of one thinge is nought
The deuyl sayd he had leuer burne al his lyfe
Than ones for to take a wife
Therfore I saye so god me saue
He shall no wife haue
Thou haste a syster fair and fre
I knowe well hys lemmen she wyl be
Therfore I wolde she were here
That we might go and make good chere
At the wine some where

pouthe. I pray you hither thou do her brynge
For she is to my likinge

Dyde. Sy: I shall do my diligence
To brynge her to your presence

pouthe. O ye the apace and come agayn
To haue a sight I wolde be faine
Of that lady fre

Ryot. Sy: in faith I shall tell you true
She is a freshe and faire of hue
And berre propre of bodye
Men call her Lady Lechery

pouthe. O my herte burneth by God of myght

Of that lady I haue a syght

Intret superbia cũ luxuria et dica superbia

Syr I haue fulfilled your entent **Pyde.**
And haue brought you in this present

That you haue sent me fore **Pyde.**
Thou art a redy messengere **Pyde.**

Come hither to me my herte so dere
ye be welcome to me as the hert in my body

Syr I thake you and at your pleasure I am Lecher
ye be the same vnto me

Maisters wyl ye to tauerne walk **Pyde.**
A worde with you here wyl I talke

And gyue you the wine **Pyde.**
Gentle man I thanke you berely **Lecher**

And I am all redye **Pyde.**
To waite you vpon **Pyde.**

What sister lecher ye **Pyde.**
ye be welcome to our companye **Pyde.**

Well wanton well, fye for shame **Lecher**
So sone ye do expresse my name

What if no man shuld haue knowne **Pyde.**
I wis I shal you bete, well wanton well **Pyde.**

A lytell pretty nylet **Pyde.**
ye be well nise God wote **Pyde.**

ye be a lytell pretty pye, I wis ye go ful gingerie **Pyde.**
Well I se your false eye **Lecher**

winketh on me full wantonly **Pyde.**
ye be full wanton I wis **Pyde.**

Pyde I thanke you of your labour **Pyde.**
That you had to fetch this fayre floure **Pyde.**

O youth I tolde the **Pyde.**
That I wolde brynge her with me **Pyde.**

Sir I pray you tel me now **Pyde.**
Howe doth she lyke you **Pyde.**

outhe. **T**ierely wth he pleased me
for he is courteis gentyll and fre
Howe do you fayre Ladre
Howefare you tell me.

Lecheri. **S**y: if it please you, I do well p^{ro}we
And the better that you wyl wite

outhe. **R**iot I wolde be at the tauerne fayne
Least charitie bs mete and turne bs agayne
Than wold I be sorpybecause of thys farge ladt

Ryot. **L**et bs go agayne be tyme
That we may be at the wyne
Or euer that he come

Pyde. **D**ie the apace and go we hence
we wil let for none expence

outhe. **N**ow we wil fil the cup and make good chere
I trust I haue a noble here
Herke sirs for God almightie
Herest thou not howe they fight

In sayth we shal them part
yf there be any wine to sell
They shal no longer together dwell
No that I be shewe my herte

Ryot. **N**o sy: so mote I the
Let not thy seruantes fight within the
for this is a carefull yse

Euer more to lyue in strife
Therefore yf ye wyl be ruled bi mi tale
we will go to the ale

And se howe we can do
I truste to God that sitteth on hye
To lese that lyttell companye

Pyde. **W**ith in an houre or two
Now let bs goo for goodes sake
And so h^ome merve we can make

Now lette vs go a pace
And I belast there I be thye we my face

Ryot.

Nowe let vs go that we were there

youth.

To make this Ladye some chere

Merelye sir I thanke the

Lecher

That ye wyll bestowe it on me

And whan it please you on me to call

My heart is yours bodye and all

Faire Ladye I thanke the

youth.

On the same wyse ye shall haue me

whan so euer ye please

Riot we tarpe very longe

Pyde.

we wyl go euen now with a lusty songe

Ryot.

In sayth I wyll be rector choye

Pyde.

Go to it then hardely, and let vs be agate

youth.

Abide felowe a worde with the

charite.

whether go ye tell me

Abide and here what I shall you tell

And be ruled by my counsel

Maye no felowe ne yet mate

Pyde.

I trowe thy felowe be in Newgate

Shal we tell the whether we go

May it wis good John a Depo

who learned the thou mistaught man

To speake so to a gentylman

Thoughe his clothes be neuer so thine

yet he is come of noble kinne

Thoughe thou gyue him suche a moche

yet he is come of a noble stocke

I let the well to wite

What say John what saye ye

Ryot.

wolde you be fetred now

Thynke nat to long I pray you

It mye fortune come sone ynowe

ye waul thynke it a iyeen loone:
pouthe. Yet syz let thys cease

And let vs talke of goodnes
charite. He turned his tale he is a ferde
But faith he walbe sherd
He weneth by flatterynge to please vs agayne
But he laboureth all in bayne:

charite. C Syz I pray you me not spare
For nothynge I do care:
That ye can doe to me

Ryot. C No horeson sayst thou so
Holde him pride and let me go
I shall set a prayre of rynges
That shall sit to his shynnes
And that euen a none

pride. C Hye the apace and come agayne
And bringe with he ta good chaine
To holde him here skil:

charite. C Jesu that was borne of Mare milde:
From all euyl he vs shielde
And sende you grace to amende:
O: oure lyfe be at an ende
For I tell you trewlye
That ye lyue full wickedye
I praye God it amende

Ryot. C Lo syz loke what I bringe
Is not thys a ioly ringinge
By my trowth I trowe it be
I will go with of charitie
How sayest thou mayster charitie:
Dothe this geare please the:

charite. C They please me well in dede
The more sorow the more mede
For God saide whyle he was man:

Beati qui persecutionē patiuntur ppter iusticiā

Unto his apostles he sayde so

To teache them howe they shulde do

We shall se how they can please

Hyde.

Sit downe sir and take youre ease

We thinke these same were ful meete

To go about your sayre feete

By my truthe I you tell

pouthe.

They wolde become him very well

Therefore hye that they were on

Unto the tauerne that we were gone

That shall yese anone

Ryot.

Howe soone they shall be on

And after we wyl not tary longe

But go hence with a mery songe

Let vs begyn all at once

Pyde.

Howe haue at it by cockes bones

pouthe.

And soone let vs goo

charite.

Lo maisters here you maye see beforne

That the weede ouergroweth the corne

Howe maye ye see all in this tide

How vice is taken, and vertue set aside

Ponder ye maye see yout is stable

But euer more chaungeable

And the nature of men is frayle

That he wotteth not what maye awayle

Vertue for to make

O good Lorde it is a pitifull case

Sith God hath lent man wyt and grace

To chose of good and euill

That man shulde voluntarielye

To suche thynges him selfe applye

That his soule shuld spyll

Christ was crucified & crowned w thorne

And of a virgin to: man was do:ne
Some knowledg sende to me
Of my brother Charitē

Charite. **C**Dere brother humilitie
ye be welcome vnto me
Where haue ye be so longe

humili. **I** shall do you to vnderstande
That I haue sayd myne euensonge
But sir I praye you tel me now
Howe this case happened to you

Charite. **I** shall tell you anone
The felowes that I tolde you on
Haue me thus arayed

humili. **S**ir I shall vndo the bandes
from your feete and your handes
Sir I praye you tell me anone
whether they be gone
And when they come againe

Charite. **S**ir to the tauerne they begone
And they wyll come againe anone
And that shall you see

humili. **T**hen wyll we them exhorde
vnto vertue to resorte, & so forsake syn

Charite. **I** will helpe you that I can
To conuert that wicked man

youthe. **A** backe galantes and loke vnto me
And take me for your speciall
For I am promoted to hye degree
By ryght I am king: eternal
Neither duke ne Lorde, Baron ne knight
That maye be lykened vnto me
They be subued to me by ryght
As seruantes to their masters shulde be

humili. **Y**e be welcome to this place here

we thinke ye labour all in bayne
 wherefore your braynes we wyl stere
 And kele you a lytel agayne

Saieſt thou my braynes thou wylt ſtere

youthe

I ſhall laye the on the eare

were thou bozue in trumpington
 and brought by at Hogges noztton

By my faith it ſemeth ſo

well go knaue go

Do by our counſell and our rede

charite

And aſke merce for thy myſdede

And endeuer the for goddes ſake

for thy ſinnes amendes to make

O: euer that thou die

Ryot

Harke youth for god auowe

He wolde haue the a ſainte nowe

But youth I ſhall pou tell

I ponge ſainte an olde deupll

therfore I holde the a ſoole

And thou ſolowe his ſcole

I warrant thee I wyl not do ſoo

youthe

I wyl be ruled by you two

Then ſhall ye do well

pryde

if ye be ruled by our counſell

we wyl bringe you to hys degree

And promote you to dignitie

Sir it is a pitifull caſe

humill

that ye wolde forſake grace

And to byce applye

Nohie knaue dothe it geue thee

youthe

thou ſhalt not anſwer for me

when my ſoule hangeth on the hedge once

then take thou and caſte ſtones

As faſte as thou wylte

Forsooke. I praye you to do this
For sake them and do after vs
The better shall you do

Ryot. Syre he shall do well inowe
Thoughe he be ruled by neither of you
Therfore crake no longer here
Least you haue on the eare
And that a good knocke

Pride. Lyghtlye se thou auoyde the place
Or I shall gyue the on the face
youth I trowe that he wolde
Make you holy or ye be olde
And I were by the rode
It is tyme inoughe to be good
Whan that ye be olde

Youth. Syr by my truthe I the say
I wyll make mery whiles I may
I can not tell you howe long
Ryot. Ye sir so mote I thryue

Thou art not certayne of thy life
Therfore thou were a starke looke
No leue mythe and solo we their scole
humili. Syr I shall him exhorte
vnto vs to resorte
And you to forsake

Pride. Aske him if he wyll do so
To forsake vs and solo we you t'wo
Nay I warrant you nay

humili. That shall you euen anone
I wyll vnto him gone
And se what he will saye

Ryot. Hardely go on thy waye
I knowe well he will saye nay

Youth. Ye syr be God that me dere wought

We thinke ye labour all for nought
Benefit thou that I will for the
Oz thy brother Charitie
Forlake thys good companye
Nay I warrant the
I praye you of that
For anye thyng for sake ys nat
and all oure counsell rule you by
ye may be Emperour oz ye dye
While I haue life in my body
Shall I be ruled by Riot and the
Sir than shall ye do well
For we be true as stele
Syr can teache you to play at the dice
At the quenes game and at the Trybe
The Tregobet and the hasarde also
And many other games mo
Also at the cardes I can theche you to play
At the triumph and one and thyrtye
Post, pinion and also aunsale
And at ad other they call de wface
yet I can tel you more & ye wyll con me thanke
Pinke and drinke and also at the blanke
And many sportes mo
I thanke the Riot so mote I the
For the counsell thou haste geuen me
I will folowe thy minde in every thinge
And guide me after thy learnynge
Youth leue that counsell for it is nought
And amende that thou hast myf wrought
That thou maist saue that God hath boughte
What saye ye mayster charitie
Whath hath God bought
By my trouth I knowe not

Pride.

youth.

Riot.

youth.

charite.

youth.

Wherfore that he giveth in wyne of blissh.

He came never at the stues
Nor in no place where I do bse
I wis he bought not my cap
Nor yet my soylie hat
I wot not what he hath bought for me
And he bought any thyng of myne
I wyll geue hym a quarte of wyne
The nexte tyme I hym meete

charite. ¶ Sir this he dyd for the
When thou wast bonde he made the free
And bought the wyth his bloud

pouthe. ¶ Sir I praye you tell me
Howe may thys be
That I knowe I was neuer bonde
Unto none in Englande

charite. ¶ Sir I shall tell you
Whan Adam had done greate trespas
And out of paradise exiled was
Then all the soles as I can you tell
Were in the bondage of the deuyl of hell
Tyll the father of heauen of hys great mercie
Sent the seconde person in Trinitie
Us for to redeme

And so with his precyous bloude
He bought vs on the roode
And our soules dyd saue

pouthe. ¶ Howe shulde I saue it tell me now
and I wyll be ruled after you my soule to sau

Ryot. ¶ What youth wyll you forsake me
I wyll not forsake thee

humili. ¶ I shall tell you shortly
Knele downe and aske God mercye
For that you haue offended

mouth wylte thou do so
followe them and let vs go
Marpe I trowe naye
¶ Here all sinne I forsake
And to God I me betake
Good Lorde I praye the haue no indignacion
That I a sinner shulde aske saluacion
¶ Nowe thou muste forsake pryde
And all riot set aside
¶ I wyl not him forsake
Neither early ne late
I wende he wolde not forsake me
But if it wyl none other wise bee
I wyl go my waye
¶ Sir I praye God be your spede
and helpe you at your nede
¶ I am sure thou wilt not forsake me
Nor I wyl not forsake thee
¶ I forsake you also
and wyl not haue with you to do
¶ And I forsake the vtterlye
I fe on the caryse fe
Once a promise thou dyd me make
That thou wolde me neuer forsake
But nowe I se it is harde
For to truste the wretched worlde
fare well masters euerycheone
For your synne looke ye moene
and euill creatures loke ye tourne
For your name who maketh insicion
Saye it is good contricion
That I synne doth moene
¶ Here is a newe araye
For to walke by the waye

pouth.

charite.

pride.

pouth.

Ryot.

pouth.

Ryot.

humili.

charite.

Our prayer for to saye

¶ Here be bedes for your deuocyon
And kepe you from all temptacyon
Let not vyce deuoure

Whan ye se mysdoinge men:

Good counsell geue them.

And teach them to amende

¶ For my synne I wyll moorne

All creatures I wyll turne

and whan I see misdoinge men:

Good counsell I shall geue them:

and exorte them to to amende

¶ Then shall ye be an heritour of blyss:

where all ioye and myrth is.

¶ To the whiche eternall

Go bynge the persons all:

Here beynge amen.

¶ Thus haue we brought our matter to an ende

Before the persons here present

Wolde euery man be contente

Leaste onother daye we be Gent:

¶ We thanke all thys presente

Of theyr meeke audyence:

¶ Jesu that sytteth in heauen so hye

Men and women that here be

amen amen, for charitie.

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